Mr. Jim McKinley
7309 NW Maple Lane
Kansas City, Mo. 64151

Dear Jim,

Ann was here once. She is a nice person. She was also at the press conference I held to introduce Post Mortem when my accurate reading of the vibes told me everyone with an advance copy would find it too much. I used that press conference to circumvent this hangup and made both wires, radio wires and all radio nets live except CBS with the challenge to those I called perjurers and suborners of perjury: get oath-to-oeth before a Congressional commitee wit me, all of us subject to perjury. This was the Friday (embargoed for Sunday) prior to my confrontation xxxxxxx with Belin.

This had been scheduled for 10/22 before I learned I have phlebitis. It was rescheduled for 11/19 and with some difficulty and success I went through with it. I'll give you the aside before I come to the point. This press conference also served as a prelude to meeting Belin, notifying him of the dare. My entire speech, which can jeopardize the bureau contract I finally got, was to lay the case of subornation against Belin out to his face, live. He had learned of Post Mortem, had ordered and had begun to read it. At our confrontation I used only parts, parts to which there is no possible adequate answer. The speech built to them close, asking him to join me in my demand for a Congressional investigation. He stonewalled to the end, offering a clearly illegal and inappropriate substitute. But by Sunday you know he did exactly what I demanded, if in his own self-serving way. In a sense this worked better than the impossible I had elected because it starts a new campaign from the other side: they allege they'll be cleaned. They know better. They try to buy time and save face. But they have now joined the demand I started 2/15/65. (I now have CIA papers which report it of that early paper as I continue to try to get all they and the FBI have on me.)

It was rough on me. I was slightly ill before it started, besides the phlebitis. I couldn't even eat a steak, which we can't afford and I never have. I couldn't lace a shoe at home that morning and I could barely take it off that night in Nashville. The next morning I couldn't get one on and I had to wear soft moccassins, the plainest I've ever seen but Jimmy called them "gippie shoes. It would up with Braniff wheelchairing me, locking the gates until they backloaded me alone onto the DC plane and with a wheelchair at the bottom of the plane's ramp on landing. But I went through with it, it is slowed me down for a while thereafter. More, I did what I set out to do, of which the foregoing is part. I have just done another impossible, which is the reason for writing you.

Prior to the first scheduled meeting and prior to the one that came off I wrote you about Senter. I got Bud's and Jim's approval in advance. I got Ray's to explore. And from you, in reesponse to both letters, silence. It not only was not possible for me tog go see Senter unless he waswithin wheelchair distance but I have no idea where he is. So after doing it all it remains nothing when now it is so urgent.

In my continuing legal joisting with the FBI I have gotten only part of what I asked for and will pursue the rest in court. (C.A.75-1996, filed and with a better judge.) But what I have is more than enough to prove that Jimmy was framed deliberately and that within the DJ there is a case of conspiring to deny his civil rights. As I have already written Levi the men he put in charge of the internal investigation are those in need of being investigated. (I've offered myself as an assistant!)

I have really brought to pass, with Jim's fine help only, an incredible legal situation in which the fact that Jim and I are both broke and Bud is crazy is a very large frustration. We need a lawyer for the moment for civil work only and the potential for recovery, with solid enough evidence already is hand, is fantastic. Jim and I are not only without the contacts we are both broke and too busy doing what we don't get paid for.

Rather than taking your record as intent not to use the pot I've asking you if you intend to. I hope you will let me know.

Before you can answer there should be other developments. Once again, this time partly by chance, my timing is perfect. Because as I made promises to you in Memphis I'd also made them to Mo as soon as there were the first indications I phoned him. It set off what has not yet appeared, a five-man crew. I just assume that Mo's part was not less than fine and I know the work of a man new to me has been very good. As soon as it started showing up as what can break the case apart right now the desk started Mo chasing all over the country. The day he told me he had broken out of the insistence of sending him back to Texas on two stories and that he would be here the next morning he phoned me early, asked me how my temperament and disposition were, and announced that during th night they had him chasing a wild goose to Tampa, whence he phoned. He is to be here today for a Monday story. If he is not I'll have a Tuesday press conference in Washington because there is much I must accomplish. I'll give it all away. "All" here means far from literally all but in terms of enough, more than enough FBI lab work and pictures, including in color (these I think were taken for use with CBS as an ally in covering up) when I asked for no color. I now have FBI added proof of Francisco's perjury and Jim has taken steps to do the unusual, introduce "new evidence" at the appeals level.

Without getting more - and I will get more, mark my word - I have the most impossible package of irrefutable proofs a lawyer could dream of. It will take the special competences and attitudes of a Bud to lose this case. I've even got what stops the running of the statute on that whorefink Frank. But the case against the government on all levels and prior counsel and every writer save one (ahem) is tight and bursting from fullness.

Please take the time to let me know if Senter is still interested. If he is there is an immediate step he can take. From the time Battle put Stanton in the case Ray has been in forma pauperis. It was recognized in the evidentiary hearing, when I didn't pay for a single xerox after one of those fights with Haile. (He ain't there no more, either.) The question is does Tenn. law provide assistance in any form of pay for the pro bono defense of a pauper?

Meanwhile, in the course of working out this thing for and with the Times I've learned of still a other of Bud's dirty ones, this time hurtful again.

While my activities are still severely restricted, I have found a way of working even during the required rest periods, with the legs up. I spent four hours packaging books that way yesterday. So I can still go at pretty full blast and with less than eight hours sleep, which even the prescribed sleeping pill does not give. I now want to make the oral-history type of thing about this entire case, subject to only the restrictions now necessary in Ray's interest. I will do it with the first competent questioner who will take the time. I don't want to talk it myself. I want to be questioned-hard. I want a good, clean, full record not a taped account of me as a tin-badged hero. I am also convinced it will make a movie. If you want to do this, let me know. If I don't here from you soon I'll assume you don't. I'd already proposed it to Mo but the Times doesn't give him a minute.

As always, in haste

If you think Jeff has an interest, there is a carbon enclosed